

Onyx "Black Hoodie Rap"

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Black hoodie rap, black hoodie rap
Black hoodie rap, black, black hoodie rap
This is black hoodie rap, black hoodie rap
Black hoodie rap, hoodie, hoodie, hoodie rap (x4)

When I die, fuck it I wanna go to hell
Cause I'm a hundred mad, it ain't hard to fuckin' tell
It don't make sense, goin' to heaven wit' the goodie-
goodies
Dressed in white, I like black Tims and black hoodies
Get me thru the night, lookin like a grim reaper
shut a nigga lights out, put'em in the sleeper
plus i crypt keeper, graveyard shift like killaz
and you can see murdas, just like steve miller
My backstreet killaz, South Side is a ghost town
Nigus try to play me, them niggaz is ghost now
This is how it goes down, with black hoodie rap
We stick you up, you gotta pay to get your goodies
back
This is where the hood iz at, like pac we hit'em up (hit
em up) wit one touch of the fully mac
index on the hair pin trigga, to be the next figure, back
to the hook trigga

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Fuck that pop shit, fuck wit me you get popped quick
my guns give you a sex change, you turn to a bitch
And I don't wear skinny jeans cuz my glocks don't fit
Fuck around try to pull out, and blow off my dick
this that shit, make u mad squinch in ya face
How you tie niggaz up try to get in their safe

Either rap too soft, or we too hard
it's that jailhouse music bang that shit in ya yard
All that internet gangstas, that's the problem
Talking bout shootin' while they're just fast in blogg'in'
In the streets getting' cream like basket robbins, even it
mean I gotta start blastin' and robbin'

Goin' to jail for criminals like going to school, you come
out a little better at crimes you do
And when I die, don't dress me up in the suit
It's A1s, dark denim, black hoodies, on

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Keep a black hoodie for the strong armrobbery
Me and my gun close, thats comradery
Cold blood run through my vains, fuck yall i know
thugs, that'll run through ya game
My niggas bang, on site in broad daylight, walk by and
take a nigga life
See the hoodie cover my face, no need for mask,
shades for the green eyes, pussy nigga I need mine
You need time, and clock's still ticking 3, 2, 1 Imma
load up my gun
Boom! Nigga face down, hands behind your back,
that's some police shit, you don't know me bitch
You ever heard of robbin Vic? well I'm just like him, in a
form what I got is sin
Shells longer than a q-tip fuck talkin' it out, throw my
hoodie on and walk in ya house, nigga

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